

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SECOND and LAST GREAT FLOWER SHOW and DISPLAY of TABLE DECORATIONS.

The general features of this Show will be the same as on the 21st ult., the principal classes being stove and greenhouse plants, exotic Orchids, Azaleas, Cape Heaths, Pelargoniums, Roses, cut flowers, &c., for Nurserymen and Amateurs.

The interesting exhibition of Dinner Table Decorations which was held last year will be fresh in the memory of all present. In this competition exhibitors may either decorate a table laid out for dinner à la Russe, or may send a single vase, épergne, or basket, to show their skill in floral arrangement. A number of ladies competed on the last occasion, and from the interest taken in the exhibition it is anticipated that the number of entries in this special class will be greatly augmented.

Full Band of the Royal Artillery (Mr. J. Smyth) and the Orchestral Band of the Company during the day. Organ performances at intervals.

Admission 5s. Guinea Season Tickets free. Admission or June Guinea Season Tickets, admitting to the great fêtes of the next few months, and generally to 31st May, 1871, at the Palace, 2 Exeter Hall, and usual agents.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

This Evening (SATURDAY), "RIGOLETTO." Il Duca, Signor Mongini; Rigoletto Mr. Santley; Sparafucile, Signor Foli; Monterone, Signor Raguer; Marullo, Signor Zoboli; Borsa, Signor Archinti; Ciprano, Signor Traverso; La Contessa, Mdlle. Briani; Giovanna, Madame Corsi; Maddalena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Gilda, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. Conductor, Signor Arduini.

On Monday, June 13, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimondo, Signor Gardoni; Bertram, Signor Foli; Un Prete, Signor Gasser; Albert, Signor Raguer; Un Araldo, Signor Rinaldini; Cavalieri, Signor Archinti; Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli; Signor Traverso; Elena, Mdlle. Fioretti; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Reboux.

On Tuesday, June 14, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Acting Manager MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

JUNE 20TH.—GREAT COMBINED ATTRACTION.

—MR. GANZ'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at St. James's Hall. Artists—Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Mdlle. Madigan, and Mdlle. Scatchell; Sig. Baggiolo and Sig. Graziani; Mdlle. Monbelli and Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini; Sig. Bettini and Sig. F. Mazzini; Mdlle. Liebhart, and Mdlle. Enquist; Mdlle. Carola, Mdlle. Leon Duval, and Mdlle. Orgeni; Miss Edith Wynne and Mdlle. Patey; Herr Reichardt and Mr. George Perren; M. Jules Lefort and Mr. Patey. Piano—Mr. Ganz and Chevalier de Koninkl. Violoncello—M. Pague. Conductors—Messrs. Berigiani, Randegger, Lehmeier, and Wilhelm Ganz. Commence at Two o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Tickets at the principal Musicallers; at Austin's Ticket Office; and of Mr. Ganz, 15, Queen Anne Street, W.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, JUNE 22, at the St. JAMES'S HALL.

Artists already engaged—Messames Christine Nilsson, Volpini, Sinico, Monbelli, Lewitzky, Reboux, Carola, Orgeni, Duval, Rudersdorff, Liebhart, Edith Wynne, and Ilma di Murska; Mademoiselles Cari, Drasdil, Patey, E. Angèle, Watts, Osborne Williams, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini.—The doors will be open at 12.30; to commence at 1.30 precisely, and terminate at 6 o'clock.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, JUNE 22.—MM.

Mongini, Gardoni, Bettini, Reichardt, George Perren, W. H. Cummings, Fauré, Foli, Verger, Jules Stockhausen, Bossi, G. Garcia, Jules Lefort, Waldeck, Patey, and Santley.—Tickets at the principal Libraries and Musicallers; and at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, JUNE 22nd.—Instrumentalists—

Madame Arabella Goddard, MM. Lindsay Sloper, Benedict, F. H. Cowen, M. Rendano, Osborne; Herr Auer, and Mdlle. Castellani; Sig. Piatto and M. Pague; Mr. John Thomas. Conductors—MM. W. J. Cusins, Pinsuti, Benedict, Sullivan, E. Berger, W. Carter, and Randegger. Tickets of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square, W.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE, H.R.H. the PRINCESS MARY OF TECK, &c.—MR. CHARLES FOWLER (of Torquay) will give his EIGHTH ANNUAL CONCERT, on FRIDAY, June 17th, at 1, Stratton Street, Piccadilly (by the kind permission of Miss Burdett Coutts), at Three o'clock. Artists—Mdlle. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Alice Ryall, Mdlle. Patey; Mr. W. H. Cummings, M. Lemmens, Mr. Charles Fowler. Tickets—Reserved Seats, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; at Messrs. Lamborn Cook & Co.'s, 63, New Bond Street; or of Mr. Fowler, 26, Bedford Place, Bloomsbury Square.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—President, Mr. BENEDICT. Director, Herr SCHUBERTS. FOURTH SEASON, 1870. The LAST CONCERT of the SEASON (Director's Benefit) will take place on THURSDAY Next, June 16th. The programme will include Schubert's Elegie for two Violoncellos; "La Carita," Rossini, sung by the Ladies of the Society; a new song by Reichardt, sung by the Composer, &c. Tickets at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS EMMA WILDISH'S (Pupil of Madame Eleanor Ward) FIRST EVENING CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, June 15th, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, Harley Street, W.

Artists—Mdlle. Montserrat, Miss A. Newman, Miss L. Simester, Mdlle. Angelina Salvi, Miss M. Galloway, and Miss A. Fairman; M. Kiefer and M. Waldeck. Piano—Madame Eleanor Ward and Miss Emma Wildish. Violin—M. Chandon Lane. Violoncello—M. Albert. Conductors—Herr Lehmeier, Mr. E. Berger, and Mr. Benedict. To commence at Half-past Eight. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Admission, 3s. Tickets at Nimmo's, 3, Wigmore Street; and of Miss Emma Wildish, Vine Cottage, Park Village East, Regent's Park, N.W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—"ELIJAH," FRIDAY Next, June 17th.

Band and Chorus of the National Choral Society. Conductor—Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Mr. Santley, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and other artists. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., to be had at 14, 15, Exeter Hall, where also may be had Mr. Martin's new song, "Lothair," post free, 25 stamps.

JUNE 22ND.—MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT at the St. JAMES'S HALL.

Under the immediate Patronage of the Royal Family. Artists already engaged—Messames Christine Nilsson, Volpini, Sinico, Monbelli, Lewitzky, Reboux, Carola, Orgeni, Duval, Rudersdorff, Liebhart, Edith Wynne, and Ilma di Murska; Mdlles. Cari, Drasdil, Patey, E. Angèle, Watts, Osborne Williams, and Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini; MM. Mongini, Gardoni, Bettini, Reichardt, George Perren, W. H. Cummings, Fauré, Foli, Verger, Stockhausen, Bossi, G. Garcia, Jules Lefort, Waldeck, Patey, and Santley. Piano—Madame Arabella Goddard, MM. Lindsay Sloper, Benedict, F. H. Cowen, M. Rendano, and Osborne; Violin—Herr Heerman and Mdlle. Castellani; Violoncello—Signor Piatto and M. Pague; Harp—Mr. John Thomas and Mdlle. Heerman. Conductors—MM. W. J. Cusins, Pinsuti, Benedict, E. Berger, W. Carter, and Randegger. The full programme will be published on June 10th.

NOTICE.—The Doors open at Half-past Twelve; Concert to commence at Half-past One precisely, and terminate at Six o'clock.—Tickets at the principal Libraries and Musicallers; at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; and of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square, W.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'S EVENING CONCERT, JUNE 17th, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, when a Selection from his Compositions will be given, including some new sacred music, and his Welsh National Songs, "The Cambrian War Song" and "The Cambrian Plume," with a Select Choir of Seventy Voices. Mr. Brinley Richards will play (with Mons. Pague) a duet composed expressly for him by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and solos by Scarlatti and Henselt. He will also play, for the first time, "The Morgan-March" (Welsh National Air) as a Fantasia for the Pianoforte. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Edmond, and Madame Patey; Mr. Cummings and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Calcott, and Evers. Tickets, 7s., 5s., and 3s.; at the Musicallers, and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 6, St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, Kensington.

MDME. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce

to her Friends and Pupils that her GUITAR RECITAL will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 15th, 1870, at Three o'clock, at 27, Harley Street, CAVENDISH SQUARE, when she will be assisted by Eminent Artists, whose names will be duly announced. Madame Pratten will play Selections from the Compositions of Sor, Giuliani, Leonard Schnitz, and her own; and two Grand Duets for two Guitars, Giuliani's two Rondos, and "Di tanti palpiti," accompanied by a Pupil of hers, an Amateur, who has kindly consented to do so for this occasion. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 15s. To be had at Madame Pratten's Residence, 38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MDLLE. DRASDIL will sing "HE IS UPON THE LONELY DEEP" (new song by the composer of "The Weaver") on June 15th, Mr. William Carter's Concert; and on the following dates—June 15th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 27th; July 7th.

MISS BANKS will sing "AH! MY HEART IS WEARY" (by the composer of "The Weaver"), at Miss Walton's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, June 27th.—Weeks, & Co., 16, Hanover Street.

COMMUNICATIONS for MISS FENNELL respecting Concerts and other Musical Engagements may be addressed for her to Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, or to Miss Fennell's Residence, 92, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin. Miss Fennell hopes to be in London on the 20th of June, and will remain for one month.

JUNE 17TH.—"THE CAMBRIAN WAR SONG" will be sung by Mr. Lewis Thomas and a Choir of Seventy Voices at Mr. Brinley Richards's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

JUNE 17TH.—"THE CAMBRIAN PLUME" will be sung for the first time in London by Mr. Cummings and a Choir of Seventy Voices at Mr. Brinley Richards's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MISS MARIAN ROCK will play E. SAUERBREY's new transcription of "LORELEY," at Barnsbury Hall, Islington, on Friday, June 17th.

NEW SACRED CANTATA, by ALEXANDER ROWLAND, performed at Southampton, June 2nd. The words from the 70th Psalm. The following Pieces published separately:—

Air, "AND LET ALL SUCH AS DELIGHT IN THY SALVATION"	3 0
Air, "AS FOR ME I AM POOR AND IN MISERY"	3 0
Air, "LET THEM BE ASHAMED"	3 0
Quartet (unaccompanied) "LET THEM FOR THEIR REWARD"	3 0

LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL's new song, "THE CHARM," at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 24th; St. George's Hall, 25th. Address, 28, Old Bond Street.

MISS BANKS will sing BENEDICT's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," and WELLINGTON GUERNEY's romance, "A SUMMER EVE," at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Miss Elizabeth Walton's Grand Concert, June 27th.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ will sing BENEDICT's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Beethoven Rooms, June 18th, Miss E. Walton's Matinée.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing ASCHER's popular romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" BENEDICT's "NULLA DA TE BEL ANGELO," and the tenor part of RANDEGGER's trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at the Beethoven Rooms, June 18th.

CONCERTS, Bazaars, Hebrew Weddings, Readings, Meetings, and Balls.—The QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. Early application is invited for securing available days. Apply to Mr. Hall. ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

MR. LANSLOWNE COTTELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Scholarships and unusual advantages. Students' Concert, Hanover Square, June 25th.—Norfolk Road, Bayswater. F. WEBER, Sec.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, REGENT STREET. The Hall and Theatre are to let for Concerts, Operatic and Dramatic Entertainments, Public Meetings, and Lectures. The Hall can be hired by the night or for a term. N.B. All the Afternoons are let up to July. For terms, apply to Mr. Wilkinson, Manager. Office, 4, Langham Place, Regent Street.

MDME. MONTSERRAT has the honour to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she has REMOVED to 10, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W., where she requests all communications may be addressed.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA begs to announce his arrival in Town for the Season. Address, 9, Mortimer Road, Greville Road, St. John's Wood.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

PUPILS WANTED.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART's new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

Now Ready,

SACRED CANTATA, "BLOW YE THE TRUMPET IN ZION," by C. WARWICK JORDAN, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Price, handsomely bound, 5s.; in paper covers, 3s. Suitable for Choral Societies. Advantageous terms may be made with the composer for large quantities, and the Band parts obtained. NOVELLO & Co., London.

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"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA
(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA
(IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

* Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

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HERR REICHARDT'S NEW SONG,

DEDICATED TO MDLLE. NILSSON.

"I LOVE AND I AM LOV'D"

("J'aime, je suis aimé").

Sung with distinguished success in Paris and London. Sent for 24 stamps.

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"LOVE'S REQUEST,"

In C, E Flat, and F.

Also Arranged for the Pianoforte by

BRINLEY RICHARDS AND W. KUHE.

Just Published,

"THEY NAMED HER NAME BEFORE ME,"

BALLAD.

Composed by FREDERIC PENNA.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"HOPE ON,"

BALLAD.

The Words and Music by Mr. and Mrs. ST. LEGER.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"CHILDREN'S SUMMER FEAST."

CHORUS IN UNISON.

The Words from "The Afterglow" (with the Author's permission).

The Music, composed expressly for Children, by

CIRO PINSUTI.

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Just Published,

"THE WILD ROSEBUD,"

SONG.

Sung by Miss EDITH WYNNE. The Words by GOETHE.

The Music by JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS, R.A.M.

Price 3s.

London: LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

FERDINAND HILLER ON RICHARD WAGNER.*

(Continued from page 330.)

With regard to the style in which the members of the new community compose, their great principle, according to Wagner (which principle, also, is said to emanate from Mendelssohn), is never to aim at producing an "impression or effect."[†] Wagner places these words sophistically enough side by side, as synonymous. He knows very well, however, that no one aims at not producing an impression, while the notion of producing an effect has obtained in Germany an unfavourable secondary signification. But when we see that the desire for effect has led a man like Wagner to absolute endgelling in the *Meistersinger*, to the most violent outrage ever known upon art, good taste, music and poetry, some slight anxiety on the subject is very natural. "But this repugnance for effect ways this school even when performing classical music." A tribute is here paid Liszt as a pianist; as though it had ever entered the head of the partisans of any school in existence to doubt his enormous geniality in rendering any kind of music whatever, a geniality of which Mendelssohn himself spoke as of something marvellous. Hans von Bulow, also, Liszt's "*einzig berufener*"[‡] successor is so supremely fortunate as to be praised. But why does not Wagner say a single word about Liszt's compositions? Why does he not mention Bulow as a conductor? The fact is, there is but one God, who is his own Prophet, and his name is Richard Wagner.

"The principal ingredient of this new school," the god goes on to say, "is a certain circumspectly reflective cautiousness of what it cannot do, with defamation of what it would like to do." That it was possible to "entangle so sterling a nature as Schumann in this," he finds, "above everything sorrowful." From what is then said concerning Schumann, who is described as "amiable and thoroughly charming," but of whom it is also asserted that the "narrowness of his natural gifts was displayed, and he became bombastic and unnatural," we are completely incapable of gathering what Wagner really likes, and what he dislikes in him. This, however, is a matter of supreme indifference.

"But, under the power of these musical eunuchs, what becomes of our great and unspeakably magnificent German music?" exclaims Wagner, and he is overtaken by a slight feeling of anxiety for this wondrous inheritance of German genius. We do not find the answer to the question before we reach a subsequent page, after going through some long dissertations, which enter minutely into details, on the way in which his *Meistersinger* has been performed. He is supported "by the eminently consolatory conviction that, despite the very unintelligent way in which this work has been handled, its effective power is not to be destroyed—the fatal gift of effectiveness, against which the Leipzig Conservatory so zealously warns us, and which, as a punishment, cannot be got at, even in the way of destruction." This must strike him as the more marvellous, as he can no longer prevail on himself to be present at a performance of his works, and he therefore "draws, wonderful to say" (very wonderful) "from their said almost incomprehensibly effective power, a conclusion, peculiarly gratifying to him, respecting the relation of musicians conducting such compositions to our great classical music, the continuing existence of which, ever warming us anew, despite the stunting cultivation of such individuals, is, by this very thing, rendered intelligible to him. The fact is, they cannot destroy such things—and this conviction appears, strangely enough, to be growing into a sort of consolatory dogma for the Genius of Germany, with which dogma it tranquillizes itself on the one hand, believing and comfortably, while, on the other, it goes on creating in its own way!" (Let us take breath!) ||

"But what we should think of the wondrous conductors" (everything and everyone is wondrous!) with a celebrated name, considered as musicians, remains to be asked," Wagner goes on to say. He tells us that: "The assumption of their excellence is firmly established—though he does not know one to whom he should consider himself justified in trusting with confidence a single tempo in his operas." (How terrible for the conductors!) He doubts their being "real musicians, for it is incontestable that they exhibit no musical feeling." Mozart explains it to him "by his enormous aptitude for arithmetic;" they are musical arithmeticians, but deficient in everything else, men to whom "the correct tempo of our music must be explained according to the *regula de tri*, since nothing can be imparted to them by the instrumentality of feeling."

* From the *Kölnische Zeitung*.† "*Wirkung oder Effect*."

‡ "Solely most-having-a-call," a pretty specimen of Wagnerian style. Despite a fearful martyrdom while translating *Oper und Drama*, and other works of the Lucerne Anchorite, I am not even yet quite perfect in the language invented by him, to supply the place of German. As in the previous instances, therefore, I leave to those of our readers who possess a peculiar taste for riddles the task of saying what "solely most-having-a-call" signifies. It may be wisdom clothed in mystic garb, but, to the uninitiated, it resembles exceedingly unmitigated nonsense. Disbelievers in Herr R. Wagner's profundity may be pardoned if they sometimes feel tempted to adopt the theory that the Musician of the Future pads his sentences with grand words, to make believe that beneath them lurks a finely developed thought, just as some beauties call in the aid of cotton-wool to supply the place of certain charms which would otherwise be prominent only by their absence.—Translator.

§ Yes! respecter Dr. Hiller. With all my heart! The slightest respite is a boon.—Translator.

The battle-field is strewn with corpses—we breathe death and corruption. But the tyrant now experiences a human emotion, and, on the last page, flings our admirable Joachim a half encouraging greeting. He has not heard him himself, but he has heard others speak of him—and he is glad to believe that in his playing we "recognize the beneficial result of a many years' intimate intercourse with Liszt." However, "the conductor's stick is said not to have obeyed him well; composing, too, appears to have embittered him more than it has delighted others." Wagner is rendered, moreover, suspicious by having been informed that: "Joachim is expecting a fresh Messiah for music." But: "Bravely, forwards!" he exclaims to him. "If he himself should happen to be the Messiah, he might at least hope not to be crucified by the Jews!" And with this delicate, cheerful, and clever turn, Wagner concludes.

But what can have impelled Wagner to indulge in these outrageous diatribes? Above aught else, anxiety for his works. Whenever anything in them does not please, the fault is attributed to the bad execution, and if they strike many persons as too long, it is because they have been cut too much. For "Cut, Cut—is the *ultima ratio* of our worthy *Capellmeister*." There can be no question that a great deal too much is done in this way, yet it is a "wonderful" fact that this violent system of curtailment was never applied to such operas as *Figaro*, *Die Vestal*, *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, *Jessonda*, etc. The system was first adopted in Germany for grand French operas. The latter were composed for a public who do not sup; they were, therefore, in their original length insupportable to persons who are hungry when they come into the theatre. Why has not the German Wagner accommodated himself to the German custom? He must console himself with his cousins, Shakspeare and Schiller, with whom very different liberties are taken than with him, but whose pieces may very well be witnessed even after his "Music-drama."—Another reason why Wagner attacks every mortal thing in the way of music is that as yet all German musicians have not sworn allegiance to his standard. If we reflect how short was the active public career of Mendelssohn, and what a comprehensive influence Wagner ascribes to it, though, it is true, only in a bad sense, even now, twenty-three years after Mendelssohn's death, it seems indeed "wonderful" how insignificant, and how superficial is Wagner's influence on the majority of his artistic contemporaries, after a very noisy, and, to some extent, successful career of thirty years.—According to Wagner himself there is only one way of explaining this—his contemporaries are too narrow-minded, too shallow, too deficient in character; "their love, their belief, their hope, all is artificial." In Wagner, it must be confessed, all these qualities are in the highest degree natural: he is his own love, his own belief, his own hope, his own all.

His sudden and tender anxiety for the prosperity of our "unspeakably magnificent music," can, therefore, merely conjure up an incredulous smile. Not that he is incapable of appreciating Beethoven's or Weber's music—the former master, according even to the assertions of Wagner's own apostles, supplied him with "materials" for his monuments, and the other, in *Euryanthe*, had at least a "presentiment" of him. But whether Bach, Handel, Haydn, Cherubini, and Mendelssohn, are ever performed is to him a matter of utter indifference, and, when they are performed, the effect on him is rather disagreeable than otherwise.

The most outrageous thing, however, is that Wagner speaks about subjects, men, and works, of which his knowledge is most superficial. Living, for the last two-and-twenty years, in Switzerland, devoted to his labours and his pleasures, he has interrupted this existence on only a few occasions, to direct performances of some of his own works—and now and then to conduct a symphony or two. He lives so completely in a sphere peculiarly his own, that, as we know, he does not care about hearing any more music—it diverts his attention, impedes and annoys him. He never was present at the performance of any great work, or at one of our Musical Festivals, and nearly all our modern concert institutions, the musical blossom of Germany, are strange to him. Does he know aught of the compositions of recent times? We should hardly say so. Brahms once played him some variations, from which he saw "that he does not understand joking"—but, except this, he appears to have seen only his most trivial work—his "Waltzes with Song." Max Bruch is not mentioned—perhaps because he succeeds in producing an "impression or effect." Does Wagner know Bargiel's Overtures, which could certainly not fail to interest him? With what, Joachim has done, he is acquainted only by hearsay. And thus he throws everything, indiscriminately, like a lot of vegetables, simultaneously, into one pot.

The majority of our "Music-Bankers" may be deficient in any great productive power—they may not all be admirable conductors—but, completely as they differ from each other in disposition, talent, and everything that constitutes individuality, we find in Germany, fortunately, at the present day, a common trait in innumerable instances: earnestness, and love of what is done. That these qualities frequently do not suffice, when the industrial, financial, and executive resources on which our art depends, are too small, is a matter of course. But it is touching to find that there are often in the smallest towns conductors who shun no labour, no sacrifice, to do their part towards the propagation and advancement of our great German music, and who succeed in obtaining most splendid results. In this respect, Mendelssohn's example has indeed produced its fruits. Notwithstanding the vast amount he did as a

composer, he always managed to find time for devoting his talent, his energy, and his love to the works of our masters. If Wagner does not know of a single conductor but himself, and if he is so tortured by anxiety for our "unspeakably beautiful music," why does he not allow the light of his own example to shine upon us? He has in Munich the most magnificent means at his disposal; he possesses an amount of influence, such as, probably, no composer ever possessed before him—why does he not give model performances in the Bavarian capital, and thus form a new school of conductors? The attendance would certainly be numerous—for if a man has only confidence in himself, the rest of the world also will have confidence in him.

What tricks Wagner plays with musical history whenever it does not suit his purpose, I took an opportunity of showing on a former occasion. This latest work, also, swarms with similar instances. Each instance, must characterize entire epochs, and, in consequence, it characterizes them falsely. But I leave these things to more learned colleagues, as there is reason to fear I have already run to too great a length, and I hate the pruning-knife no less than does the autocrat of the Lake of Lucerne.

That I am mentioned and, also, even when not mentioned, duly put down, in the pamphlet, is a matter of course. I do not, however, experience any impulse either to defend myself or to sound my own praises, but merely exclaim with Goethe's painter: "What I have painted, I have painted."

As a cheerful finish let me give one more short quotation: "The assumption of the excellence of the wonderful conductors is so firmly established," Wagner writes at page 82, "that the entire musical community does not feel the slightest hesitation as to who, when the nation determines to have something played (as, for instance, at grand Musical Festivals) shall beat time. It can be only Herr Hiller, Herr Rietz, or Herr Lachner. It would be utterly impossible for the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth to be celebrated if these three gentlemen were suddenly to sprain their hands." Quite correct! And since the great happiness and honour have devolved upon me of having to conduct at the said splendid festival, I will treat my hands with as much attention, and take as much care of them up to then, as though I were the most lovely Parisian coquette. Let me, therefore, quickly lay down the pen—and not be in too great a hurry to dip it again in the ink for another such fatiguing effort as the present.

RETURN FROM SPAIN.

No. IX.

From the trite quotation, "*Facilis descensus Averni*," we learn that the infernal regions of classical paganism had at least one advantage over Gibraltar,—namely, that they were easy of access, whereas the noted British possession is hard to enter and hard to quit. Having fought your way over by main force from Algeciras, you soon begin to reflect and to entertain serious misgivings that you might as well have remained at (say) Cadiz, or any other interesting Spanish town. The Rock, of course, is an admirably picturesque object, and the galleries are wonderful works of military art. But these may be "done" in a day, and, these done, what is to be done next? "Go away," answers some unsophisticated reader. That is all very well, but how? Here you are in a town which no railroad approaches, and where diligences are unknown; a town whither and whence the mails are carried on the backs of mules. Nurtured in an atmosphere of railroads, you are always forgetting your situation, and asking yourself when the next train will start. Then, remembering that trains are not, you walk into the hall of your hotel, and your heart beats high if you read on a placard that in about three days hence the P. and O. steamer will call at Gibraltar on her way from Malta, for you flatter yourself that you will be conveyed to Southampton.

Battening on hope, you brace up your nerves to endure three days more, although each proves more intolerable than the one preceding. Of Spanish life there is scarcely a trace, save in the shape of one wretched water-carrier, who wastes his lungs in the national "cry" "*Agua*," and a sprinkling of melancholy Moors, who glide about in pairs, and seem to discourse solemnly about nothing. English life is represented by the garrison and the friends of the garrison; that is to say, by a set of gallant gentlemen who are perfectly satisfied with each other, and have no desire for the society of strangers. At first, indeed, there is something exciting in the signal gun, which, fired from the summit of the Rock, shakes the whole town, and in the military music by which it is followed. You may likewise feel enthusiastic when, at a late hour, the National Anthem is played. But all this becomes terribly monotonous in a short time. The gun that startled you on the first evening has rather a lulling influence on the third; the tunes that the band has borrowed from the music-halls and from Offenbach begin to acquire a funeral ring, and even the dulcet sounds of the Scottish bagpipes grow unpleasant to the ear. But your greatest horror is the sentinel, who all through the night, at short intervals, is shouting, "Who's there?" to some inoffensive wanderer, and is sure to receive some satisfactory answer. You almost begin to wish that somebody may be shot, by way of creating a little variety, but your wish is even more vain than wicked. Everything is dreadfully secure. The impregnability of the fort extends to the whole population. Strict preservation of order, without the slightest fear of an attack, is the rule of the day. The lively knife of Andalusia is unknown in Gibraltar. However, the third day is waning, and the

hour of deliverance is at hand. The approach of the P. and O. is announced, and you prepare to take leave of Gibraltar with a parting benediction. But a horrible telegram arrives, and you learn that, the steamer being completely full, a berth is not to be had for love or money. The information that another P. and O. will call a week hence is far from reassuring. In the course of the week you will be sorely tempted to commit some outrage that will induce the indefatigable sentinel to end your miserable existence, and if you conquer the temptation you are by no means sure that P. and O. the second will not be as full as P. and O. the first.

I myself have gone through all the misery which I have inflicted on the impersonal "you." Delighted, therefore, was I to learn that on the day after the departure of the English vessel the noble Spanish steamship (say) *Cid Rodrigo*, coming down the Guadalquivir, from Seville, will stop at Algeciras, and proceed to Marseilles, calling by the way at Malaga, Almeria, Cartagena, Valencia, and Barcelona. At each of these places a good part of a day would be lost, and therefore the journey would be long; but all trivial considerations vanished before the intense desire to quit Gibraltar. And I must own that, long as it was, the journey, preceded of course by a long, strong pull to Algeciras, fully repaid the expenditure of much time and a little money. There were very few first-class passengers on board, and as we all knew that we had to form a compact family for about a week, we each of us put our best sides forward, determined to make ourselves mutually agreeable. Like perfect nations, we were without history, the recurrence of breakfast and dinner being the only events of our day. But the dinner was racy of the Spanish soil, the chief dish being a kind of "*olla podrida*" (called a "*Corsido*"), composed of bacon, broad beans, chick-peas, and sausages, red and coal-black, strongly flavoured with garlic, the whole serving as a condiment to the *bouilli* of the soup. Moreover, our opportunities for observation were abundant.

I was stupid enough to get out at Malaga, where I saw nothing worth seeing, and only had the privilege of returning to the *Cid Rodrigo* for my pains. And here let me warn my countrymen not to be infected with the desire of seeing too many Spanish towns. They are terribly like each other, especially those on the eastern coast. A high mountain, which faintly repeats the Rock of Gibraltar, a row of trees, which at Barcelona is called the "*Rambla*," and everywhere else the "*Alameda*," are the principal objects in them all, and the mountain is best seen from the deck of the ship. On my return to the ship from Malaga in the evening, a strangely picturesque scene presented itself. The whole of the deck, from the quarter-deck to the bridge, was covered with large packages of cork, heaped up into the semblance of a group of craggy mountains, and sprinkled over with little family knots of Spanish plebeians, who were regaling themselves after the simplest and soberest fashion. Had a painter arranged the masses of cork and of humanity for the purposes of study he could not have formed a prettier picture. The cork had been brought all the way from Seville, and had been removed from the hold to make way for other commodities. The deck between the bridge and the forecabin was occupied by a herd of pigs, whose sweet music resounded throughout the night.

On the following morning we reached Almeria, where the chief article of import was lead, taken from the neighbouring mines, and brought in the form of pigs, which were slowly craned into the hold in bundles of seven. At the same time the position of some of the mines was rendered visible by the appearance of chimneys on the hilly coast. The lead was intended for Marseilles, where, I was informed, the silver it contained would be extracted. This operation, to which the Spaniards are unequal, having been duly performed, the baser metal was to be taken back to Spain. The groups who inhabited the cork mountains now became strongly varied by the appearance of uncouth male figures dressed in a style with which we are not familiar. The English reader may easily bring this costume before his mind's eye by imagining a gentleman wearing his shirt, his white stockings, a black waistcoat, a broadish hat, and—nothing else. As to the vocation of these strangers accounts differed. Some said that they were miners, others that they were types of the Murcian peasant. At all events, they differed entirely from the normal Andalusians, always to be distinguished by their broad sash, their loose jacket, and the hat, with its brim turned up to a level with the crown. This hat, however, is of no ancient date. Of old the crown rose in a peak high above the brim, and the reduction of the former denotes a compliance with modern fashion. The picture also gained diversity from the attire of some Catalan Republicans, who were returning from exile, and were rendered most conspicuous by their red shirts, Magenta bands, and high crimson caps.

At Cartagena, which we reached on the following day, a new interest arose. We got rid of our (living) pigs, which numbered 200, but we took in nearly 600 African sheep, which had been sent to Cartagena from Oran, the corresponding port. Part of the cork was returned to the hold, to make way for these wretched animals, who covered almost the whole of the deck from the quarter-deck to the forecabin, the other part of the cork being chiefly formed into a barricade, so as to prevent an ovine invasion of the principal cabins. The manner in which the sheep were crushed together and knocked about was worthy of a bull-fighting people. One choice spirit even used them as means of transit, rolling himself over their backs from one end of the deck to the other. As the cook-house was situated by the chimney, our copious meals had to be brought every day across the mass of vegetable and live

animal matter which the spirit of commerce had huddled together, the stewards, heavily laden with plates and dishes, bestowing incessant curses on the sheep. Nearly the whole eastern coast of Spain consists of a series of barren rocks, but this barrenness is perhaps the most conspicuous at Carthage, the memorable peculiarities of which ancient town were celebrated of old by some local Martial, in the following epigram:—"Monte sin lena,—Mar sin pescado,—Muger sin vergüenza—Nino mal criado." (Mountain without wood; sea without fish; women without shame; children badly educated.) The epigram was composed in the good old orthodox days; but of late some eminent person has increased—certainly not improved it—by the addition of this line, "Y los curas locos." This would be, literally translated, "and the priests mad;" but the word "loco" is held to refer less to mental derangement than to oblivion of the vow of celibacy.

At Valencia, our next port, we landed several barrels of a salted fish called "tun"—I don't vouch for the spelling—which had come from Cadiz, and probably, in the first instance, from Portugal. The fish is of enormous size, and is cut into pieces before it is salted. In our English dictionaries will be found, I think, the word "tunny," which possibly corresponds to the Spanish "tun," but on this subject I speak from the depths of my ignorance. Of our fellow-passengers, the sheep, we took a most unpathetic leave at Barcelona. The miserable creatures had had nothing to eat or to drink since we first made their acquaintance at Carthage, and now with their shrunken flanks they made a most dismal figure. At first they had attempted to satisfy the cravings of hunger by nibbling at the cork, and plucking at each other's wool; and in the course of a certain night, two, more spirited than the rest, had committed suicide by leaping overboard. But for the most part they had displayed a mournful resignation, and, abandoning all hope of sustenance, had even refused to notice some vegetable matter which a kind-hearted wight flung among them. They were, of course, disembarked without difficulty. One thrust into the boat, the others followed naturally, after the immortal precedent of "*Les Brûlés de Panurge*."

Waking in the morning after our departure from Barcelona we find ourselves at Palomas, having previously made a stoppage at another small port. The inhabitants of these places are chiefly cork-cutters, so to them we transferred our raw material, receiving in return several bags filled with corks cut and ready for use. Our ship now presented an appearance strangely clean and unpicturesque. Gone were our mountains of cork; gone were our mountaineers, and gone were our sheep. But the mountains became more and more green as we approached the territory of France, and we felt that we had bounded into civilization when we entered the port of Marseilles.

Marseilles, May 23.

N. D.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Our opera season rarely passes without the occurrence of events which attract public attention to the exciting atmosphere of the lyric stage, and the excitable nature of those who breathe it. Artists of all sorts are famous for their sensitiveness, their readiness to fancy intended wrong, their quickness to resent it; and, generally, their entire unsuitableness to be members of any "happy family" whatever. Why this should be we need not stop to enquire; nor are we under obligation to explain why the phenomenon is specially obvious in connection with operatic artists. Enough that these sons and daughters of harmony have a sort of natural affinity with discord, and gravitate thereto as by the action of a natural law. An occurrence at Covent Garden has just come to hand in illustration of the foregoing, and may so be used because one version of the story has become public property. The facts may be thus stated:—At a recent performance of *Don Giovanni* in which Madame Adelina Patti and Herr Wachtel participated, the former imagined herself to be insulted by the latter, and felt the insult so keenly that she formally expressed her intention never to sing with the German tenor again. So far the incident had been talked of among operatic gossips for several days. It was reserved for Herr Wachtel to complete the case, and put it before the public in a definite form, which he did by writing as thus to the public journals. (The letter appeared in our last number.)

The public being thus appealed to, we make no apology for whatever comments seem fairly called for by the merits of the case. Herr Wachtel gives no clue to the nature of the fancied insult, and, therefore we cannot say whether Madame Patti was or was not entitled to resent it in the strong manner she did. Undoubtedly, there are insults one artist may offer another which would fully justify extreme resentment. If, for example, a gentleman were, in coarse terms, to bid a lady quit the stage while he sang a solo, we should fully expect the lady to decline any further relations with him. Herr Wachtel, however, could hardly be supposed capable of such behaviour even if we had not his public disclaimer in this particular case. It must be assumed, therefore, that he unconsciously simulated an insult, and that Madame Patti resented it in mistake for the real article. What followed was equally unfortunate. Herr Wachtel explained to the lady the error into which she had fallen; and did it clearly enough to convince her that it was an error. In ordinary life, this would have settled the matter, and restored harmony. But artists are not ordinary folk; and it did nothing of the kind. The offender having proved that he meant no offence, and the quarrel having been

made up, Herr Wachtel feels it his turn to be hurt at the suspicion which had attached to him, and to be even more indignant than Madame Patti. The lady simply declined to sing any more with Herr Wachtel; Herr Wachtel went further and declined to sing any more in the theatre, preparatory to shaking the dust of London off his feet and bidding us all adieu. Of course we are sorry to lose Herr Wachtel under such circumstances, particularly as they reflect little credit on anybody concerned. On the one hand we cannot but suspect that Madame Patti was too quick in her resentment, and too severe in her punishment, of an imaginary offence; on the other we feel sure that Herr Wachtel is too sensitive about his "reputation as an artist" and his "personal honour," neither of which was in question when once Madame Patti accepted his statement. The whole matter is suggestive of the irritableness which makes its home behind the scenes of lyric theatres, and transforms those regions into anything but abodes of the blessed. May we say, also, that Herr Wachtel's letter was scarcely called for. Had he left without writing it, nobody would have inquired why he left. London is big, its inhabitants are busy, and there are operatic tenors enough for all who care about the article. Hence Herr Wachtel may have silently taken his departure without giving rise to gossip possibly injurious to his interests.

Another incident of a less personal character deserves a word of comment before it drops out of sight, and is forgotten. The subject of realism in the matter of operatic costume was brought forward a week or two ago by some remarks in the *Daily Telegraph*, having reference to the parti-coloured "tights" worn by Signor Tagliafico in his character as Lord Tristan (*Martha*). These remarks led to the writing of several letters, the details of which would profit us nothing if we discussed them. They served to show, however, in what a very loose way matters of costume are regulated. According to Signor Tagliafico, the story of *Martha* is thrown back four or five hundred years because Signor Mario objected to shave his beard. As the result we have the noblemen, ladies, and peasants of Queen Anne's time dressed in the clothes of their forefathers and exposed to the ridicule of an observant audience. Signor Tagliafico as being the most ridiculous—he appeared with one leg white the other green—was the most unfortunate. *Hinc illa lacryme*. Does it not seem as though a dictator were needed on all such matters, who, knowing the right, should be able to enforce it, who, for example, should look sharply after the anachronisms and absurdities to which artists are prone where real or imaginary effect can be secured; and who, therefore, would stop Lindas from wearing sapphire bracelets, and peasant farmers from appearing in silken hose.

THADDEUS EGG.

LE NOZZE WITHOUT NILSSON.

(From the "*Daily Telegraph*.")

Mdlle. Nilsson again disappointed the public on Saturday night, when she should have played the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. But as hoarseness was the cause, quiet submission was a duty—one, let us say, made tolerably easy to those who could appreciate Mozart's music and the merit of an ensemble not often surpassed. We recently pointed out the aggregation of talent made necessary by Mozart's great operas; and now an obvious remark is that they are very little affected by the accidents to which *prime donne* are liable. A favourite lady may fall ill, but even though her place be taken by one less competent, *Le Nozze* or *Don Giovanni* or *Il Flauto* goes on all the same, and with scarcely diminished pleasure to those real connoisseurs who are devoted to art rather than to the reigning soprano. An illustration of this was afforded on Saturday night, when with Mdlle. Reboux as the Countess, Madame Volpini as Susannah, Mdlle. Lewitzky as Cherubino, M. Faure as Figaro, and Mr. Santley as the Count—not to mention minor parts equally well filled—a most enjoyable performance was given. Having already discussed the representation at some length, we are absolved from entering upon details now. Enough that, under the charm of Mozart's divine music adequately interpreted, the absence even of Mdlle. Nilsson, however regrettable, could not be looked upon as an eminently serious misfortune.

WEIMAR.—The grand Musical Festival has been duly held, with tolerable success. As most of the artists belonging to the operatic company were engaged in it, the Theatre was closed from the 24th to the 30th May.

VIENNA.—Miss Minnie Hauck is engaged for one season, beginning the 1st September, at the Imperial Operahouse. She is to receive 300 florins an evening, and the manager binds himself that she shall appear at least six times a month.—Herr Grau, the manager of the German Theatre, New York, is negotiating with Mdlle. Wilt, of the Imperial Operahouse. He wishes to engage her for the summer season of 1871. He offers her 40,000 dollars, besides an additional sum for costumes, etc.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* is to be produced during the present month, with a magnificent *mise-en-scène*, at the new Imperial Operahouse.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—The following is condensed from the *Morning Mail* of Tuesday, May 31st:—

"Professor Glover's concert, at the Antient Concert Rooms, in aid of Mercer's Hospital, was under distinguished patronage, and fashionably attended. The feature of the programme was the first performance of the Professor's cantata, *St. Patrick at Tara*, for which several leading artists were engaged, with a numerous and efficient orchestra and chorus. The argument is founded upon St. Patrick's visit to Tara, with a few Christian followers, in the fifth century, while the King and Court were celebrating the great Bealtina Festival of the Druids, and the subsequent introduction of Christianity into Ireland. Of the music, there can be but one opinion—that it is sweet and expressive throughout, devotional and effective in many passages, and admirably arranged. The composer has evidently taken special pains with the instrumentation. The overture is of a high order, and played as it was last evening, must ever be listened to with pleasure. 'The March of the Heralds' is also full of melody, and was warmly encored. The music allotted to the Saint, the best in the work, was sung by Mr. Richard Smith, who was in capital voice, and gave the recitative passages, as well as the beautiful sacred song, 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' with great judgment, especially the latter, which he had to repeat. Miss Fennell interpreted the part of the King's daughter, Fethlema, with a skill worthy of a finished artist, singing with charming taste and expression. Miss Lina Glover also gave the music of Ethnea, another daughter of the King, in a manner to please all present. The other characters—the King, and Dufa, a bard—were represented by Mr. Peele and Mr. Hemsley. The former was not in good voice; but Mr. Hemsley acquitted himself with skill, and amongst his other solos, the alto air, 'I often wish this trembling lyre,' was warmly applauded. The chorus had evidently not been well rehearsed; nevertheless, two or three of the choruses were executed in creditable style. On the whole, the cantata passed off most successfully, and the majority of those present will doubtless avail themselves of the next opportunity afforded of hearing it. The effect was enhanced by the skilful harp accompaniments played by Miss Emilie Glover. The composer conducted with his usual skill, while the direction of the orchestra was entrusted to Mr. R. M. Levey. The remainder of the entertainment included operatic selections, all well executed."

SOUTHAMPTON.—The concert given by Mr. Alexander Rowland, the well-known double-bass player, at the Hartley Hall, on Thursday, the 2nd inst., was attended by the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood, who listened with great attention and evident pleasure to a sacred cantata (the text taken from the 70th Psalm) composed by Mr. Rowland. The cantata had already been given at Southampton (June 2, 1869), when it was received with favour. Some excellent solo singers were engaged for the present occasion. Miss Sophia Vinta, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, were the principals; Mr. Weist Hill led the band. A well trained chorus sang "Haste Thee, O God," and "Thou art my helper and Redeemer," with precision and effect. Among the most admired of the solo pieces were the airs, "Let them be ashamed" (Mr. Lloyd), "Let all such as delight in thy Salvation" (Miss Vinta), and "As for me I am poor and in misery" (Miss Severn). The unaccompanied quartet, "Let them for their reward," by the vocalists just named, was one of the gems of the cantata, and was remarkably well sung. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous, including a duet for piano and double-bass, played by Mr. Rowland and a young lady pupil. Mr. Rowland's command over his ponderous instrument is great and the playing of his pupil showed he was a good pianoforte instructor. Mr. Weist Hill played a solo on some well-known operatic airs in the style of an accomplished violinist, and was deservedly applauded and recalled. Miss Marion Severn did ample justice to a song by Signor Randegger (violinello *obbligato*, Mr. Guest). Miss Vinta gave "Una voce poco fa," from Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, in finished style, and was recalled. The same compliment was also deservedly paid to Mr. Lewis Thomas after "When time has bereft thee," and to Mr. Lloyd after "Good-night, beloved" (Balfé). Miss Vinta was compelled to repeat a Scotch ballad, and Miss Severn, Balfé's popular song, "I'm not in love, remember." The concert altogether gave complete satisfaction, indeed we can justly say it was one of the best ever given in Southampton.

DUBLIN.—Herr Elsner gave a grand concert on the 4th of June, in Molesworth Hall, and was favoured with an excellent attendance. Herr Elsner played with his daughter, Mdle. Pauline Elsner, a *duo concertante* for piano and violoncello; a duet for harp and violoncello, with Herr Oberthür (the "Ave Maria" of Schubert); three movements (*andante*, *cantabile*, and *scherzo*) from a trio by Schubert; the *adagio* and *rondo* from Beethoven's sonata (Op. 69) for piano and violoncello, with Mr. Sproule; and a solo by Romberg, "Alla Riva del Lago." In all these performances Herr Elsner showed himself a master of his instru-

ment, and was rewarded after each with genuine and deserved applause. The harp performance of Herr Oberthür met with marked approbation, the talented artist being encored after his grand fantasia, "Souvenir de Londres," when he gave his charming "Cascade," and was recalled and warmly applauded after his fine execution of Parish Alvars' difficult solo on airs from *Montecchi e Capuletti*. The vocalists were Miss Bessie Craig, Mr. Stickley, and "An Amateur," the last exhibiting excellent vocal capacity, especially in Mr. Wilford Morgan's song, "My Sweetheart when a Boy." Mdle. Pauline Elsner, besides joining in the duet with her father, played Benedict's "Where the bee sucks" in a way that showed she possesses considerable mechanical skill. A grand duet, by Herr Oberthür, for piano and harp, "Les Huguenots," capably played by the composer and Mr. Sproule, brought the concert to a satisfactory conclusion.

NORMA AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

There are not a few people who hold that *Norma* has been played out, that its melodies have been heard *ad nauseam*, and that, even with an adequate heroine, its performance is mainly conducive to weariness. Without discussing the truth of this opinion, we may gratify those who cherish it by the reminder that, to all appearance, the last *Norma* is Mdle. Tietjens. From the time when Madame Pasta first won honours in the rôle of the Druid priestess, artists worthy to succeed her have not been wanting. Now, however the supply threatens to run short, as though there could no more be a continuous succession of great *Normas* than of great composers. Those, therefore who wish the retirement of Bellini's too familiar music, may possibly get help out of the very "nature of things;" but, for the present at all events, *Norma* is safe, and its appearance in the bills, with Mdle. Tietjens in the company, amounts only to a question of time. The well-worn opera was played on Saturday night, in conjunction with the last act of *Hamlet*. How many of the tolerably large audience were attracted by Bellini, and how many by M. Ambroise Thomas we cannot tell; but it is certain that much of *Norma* was received with unanimous approval, thanks to the very fine performance of Mdle. Tietjens, whose representation of the principal character gathers force as time runs on. To point out in what her excellence consists would be superfluous, and we do all that is necessary when we remark that each well-known point was made to the satisfaction of an audience which knew perfectly well where to look for it. As on all previous occasions, the wrathful address to Pollio on the discovery of his treachery was given with magnificent emphasis and encored. Mdle. Olma, as Adalgisa, demonstrated that she has much to learn both vocally and dramatically before the success can be obtained at which she aims, and for the gaining of which she is not without important qualifications. Considerable allowance, however, must be made when, for the first time, a young artist plays so prominent a part on a strange stage and before a strange public. Signor Naudin filled the ungracious rôle of Pollio in his accustomed and sufficiently effective manner; and the fine voice of Signor Bagagiolo gave dignity to the utterances of Oroveso. With music so familiar to execute, neither band nor chorus could easily go wrong. We can add nothing to former remarks upon the Ophelia of Mdle. Sessi, unless it be a statement that, while remaining impressed with its cleverness, we are no nearer accepting it as an adequate impersonation.

THADDEUS EGG.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Mdle. Schneider made her first appearance in London this season on Monday evening, in *La Grande Duchesse*. On Mdle. Schneider's eccentric impersonation of the Duchess we have commented more than once, and it is sufficient to say that all the points were effectively marked, and that the same spirit was infused which has rendered the actress's name identical with the character. We may regret the disappearance of the goodly company of French players, and marvel at the increase of prices which has followed its departure, but Mdle. Schneider draws a fuller house than M. Lafont, one being "the rage," while the other is only a genius.

Mdle. Schneider has not lost any of her courage or vivacity, and plays throughout with immense spirit. She is admirably supported by M. Carrier, who replaces M. Dupuis as Fritz; by Mdle. Vizentini, as Wanda; by M. Beckers, as General Bourn; and by M. Schoey, as Baron Grog. The musical arrangements are under the able direction of M. Vizentini. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince (of course) and Princess (alas!) of Wales honoured the first performance with their presence.

THE CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

On Thursday afternoon, in accordance with time-honoured custom, the charity children of our Metropolitan schools assembled to celebrate their annual festival under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. This anniversary is of its kind unique; nothing at all approaching to it, indeed, can be witnessed either in London or any other European capital. The children, some 5,000 in number, alone form a spectacle which once to behold is never to forget; while the thousands attracted to the church help to make up a *coup d'œil* wholly unparalleled. The arrangements for the accommodation of the host of young singers, prepared, as usual, by Mr. Arthur S. Newman, architect of the festival, who, for nearly a quarter of a century has undertaken the same very responsible task, without the occurrence of a single accident, were yesterday as picturesque, imposing, and in all respects satisfactory as on any previous occasion. The indefatigable representative of the Committee of "Patrons" who ordinarily superintends these proceedings (Mr. F. J. Fuller, if we are not mistaken) was again at his post, attending to the requirements of the choir and performing his other duties with the zeal and activity for which, time out of mind, he has been recognized. The children were placed with military order, and, once all seated, wherever the eye could travel the sight was one easier to remember than to describe.

Considerable interest had been excited outside by the appearance of the children and the officials of the various schools, as, gay with banners and bouquets, they paraded the streets leading to the church. St. Paul's Churchyard was made almost impassable by an eager crowd. It is to the praise of the multitude that much greater curiosity seemed to attach to the children, as they filed past, than to the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and other civic dignitaries, who attended in demi-state, and were received by Dean Mansel, Canon Melvil, and other of the Cathedral authorities.

The full musical service, accompanied on the organ, with trumpets and drums to strengthen and enforce the full passages, was, as it has never failed to be, wonderfully impressive. The important part which the children take in this was, of course, as always, the most striking feature. They had previously enjoyed the advantage of some twenty rehearsals, under the direction of Vicar-Choral James Shoubridge, assisted by Mr. George Cooper, organist of the Chapel Royal and St. Sepulchre's, and deputy-organist at St. Paul's. Mr. Shoubridge again proved himself an excellent conductor, able to make his beat thoroughly intelligible to the army of young executants under his charge. The choir, numbering about 100 voices, drawn from the accustomed sources, was more than usually efficient, though naturally weak in contrast with the children. The organ, still—*proh pudor!*—caseless, was, nevertheless, in excellent order, and could not possibly have been in abler hands than those of Mr. John Goss, organist to the Cathedral, and one of England's most learned and admirable musicians, assisted, too, as he was, by Mr. George Cooper, his inseparable associate at these anniversaries.

There was nothing new in the musical part of the service, which consisted of precisely the same materials as last year and some years previous. We need hardly say that prayers were preceded by the unsurpassable "Old Hundredth" ("All people that on earth do dwell"), with the singing of which, in unison, by the children, so many great foreign musicians, from Haydn downwards, have been enchanted beyond measure. This, indeed, which has never been more impressively given, and the verses, equally well sung, from the 104th Psalm ("My soul, praise the Lord"), to the music of Dr. Croft ("Hanover" tune), now nearly 170 years old, yet still vigorous and fresh, were really the conspicuous musical points of the service; for in them the children's voices had full play, with nothing to perplex or hinder. Dr. Croft's psalm, which followed the sermon, was the *omega*, as the "Old Hundredth" was the *alpha*.

Prayers were intoned by the Rev. J. Coward, and the Lessons were read by the Rev. J. V. Povah—both minor canons of the Cathedral. That the "responses" were given to the music of Queen Elizabeth's famous organist, Thomas Tallis, it is hardly requisite to state. As we have said more than once, these could no more be dispensed with than the "Old Hundredth"—and for the best of reasons, they could not be improved upon, if indeed, which is doubtful, they could be equalled. The psalms for the day were chanted by the gentlemen and boys of the choir to Dr. Croft's "slow chant" in C, which has effectively put aside "Jones's in D"—admired by Haydn, and, if tradition may be credited, altered and improved by that great master. We are bold enough to say that we like neither one nor the other—neither Jones nor Croft. Mr. Goss himself could supply from his own pen a chant far superior to either, something simpler, and something, in short, more like a genuine chant and less like a rambling tune, with wide intervals and exceptional range, such as that of Dr. Croft—which not to speak irreverently, is vulgar no less than rambling. According to custom, the children added their fresh voices, "*fortissimo*," to the "Gloria

Patri" at the end of each psalm, accompanied by trumpets and drums.

The *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were again sung to Mr. Goss's beautiful and truly devotional service in A major, which, composed for the festivals in 1865 and 1866—the *Te Deum* being the earliest contribution—has since then replaced Dr. Boyce's in the same key, and it is to be hoped may continue to replace it until Mr. Goss thinks proper to provide something new for the same office. What is most precious in this admirable music of the St. Paul's organist is the opportunity it affords the children of taking part in the execution. The voice parts are written in unison; and thus, as was remarked when the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were first produced—we have an exemplification of genuine congregational worship—a thing often talked about, but rarely put in practice. That the voice parts may be throughout in unison and yet the composition be artistically interesting, is clear; but to effect this demands a facility only possessed by erudite musicians. For the most part the execution of the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* yesterday was remarkably effective.

As of old, the prayer for the Queen was ushered in by "Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet anointed Solomon king"—the anthem written by Handel in 1727, for the coronation of George II. The children performed their part in this anthem, so simple in its harmonies and yet so broad and grand, to perfection—so well, indeed, as once more to suggest the advisability, at some future period, of their joining in the opening sentence, a preamble which in stately dignity has not been surpassed even by Handel himself. The time is surely ripe for the innovation. It would, moreover, be an evident advantage; for what with the vast space and the powerful tones of the organ, upon the keys of which, if we are not mistaken, both principal and sub-organist were engaged in the accompaniment, the voices of the choir were scarcely audible.

Once more, and once more happily, the musical preface to the sermon was Mendelssohn's sublime *chorale*, "Sleepers wake, a voice is calling," from the oratorio of *St. Paul*; and once again, and not less happily, the magnificent "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah* was the last and culminating piece. Of this chorus, and of the part which the children take in it, we have spoken so often that we have not another word to say. Those who have not heard the "Hallelujah" under such exceptional conditions have still to learn something of which it is capable.

The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester, who took for his text 18th of Matthew, 4th verse—"It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." On the whole this festival may be pronounced one of the most successful of recent years.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The sixth concert of the season took place on Monday, when the following selection was performed:—

PART 1.—Overture, *In Memoriam*—A. S. Sullivan. *Scena, Infelice*—Mendelssohn. Concerto, in B flat, MS., violoncello—Piaatti. Romanza, "Quando a te lieta" (*Faust*)—Gounod. Rondo in B minor, pianoforte—Mendelssohn. Overture, *Athalie*—Mendelssohn.

PART 2.—Symphony, *Eroica*—Beethoven. Ode, "I wish to tune my quivering Lyre"—Sullivan. Overture, *Zauberflöte*—Mozart.

The programme contained but one symphony—three overtures and two instrumental solos, however, making up a sufficient quantity to satisfy all but the unreasonable. Of Beethoven's great orchestral work it is not necessary now to speak. Signor Piaatti's clever concerto and his own inimitable execution were noticed when it was first performed by him at the Crystal Palace Concert, of November 20, 1869, since when the composer has substituted a new "Larghetto" for the former "Largo" movement, with improved effect. The work again drew forth strong demonstrations of approval. Mr. Cowen, too, was greatly applauded for his animated playing of Mendelssohn's *Rondo*; and, like Signor Piaatti, he was recalled. Of Mr. Sullivan's impressive and skilfully instrumented overture we have several times spoken. The overtures of Mendelssohn and Mozart and the symphony were effectively played by Mr. Cusins's orchestra. That Madame Sinico did full justice to Mendelssohn's *Scena* and Gounod's *Romanza*, and Mr. Santley the same to Mr. Sullivan's ode, scarcely needs assertion.

Bonn.—According to the *Neue Freie Presse*, the Committee of the Beethoven Centenary Festival wrote to request Herr Richard Wagner to conduct the Ninth Symphony. Herr Richard Wagner declined.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Mme. Mallinger was engaged to "star" it here for a limited number of nights, but suddenly broke off her engagement, and left the town. The reason of her unexpected departure is said to be an unpleasant fracas between her husband and the manager, Herr Woltersdorff. The latter has already commenced legal proceedings.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.

1870.

This year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, Mr. Hallé has considered it appropriate to devote his Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer.

The programmes, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m. Mr. Hallé is assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas, accompany the programmes.

THE SEVENTH RECITAL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 17TH, 1870,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONATA, Op. 81, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et le Retour" Beethoven.
SONATA, Op. 90 Beethoven.

PART II.

GRAND SONATA, Op. 101 Beethoven.
GRAND SONATA, Op. 106 Beethoven.

The LAST TWO RECITALS will take place on
Friday, June 17, and Friday, June 24.

Prices of Admission—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.
Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than
Thursday. Payment on delivery.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.
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Argyll Street (First Floor).

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

HERR WAGNER'S LATEST DELIVERANCE.

THERE are certain Parliamentary proceedings which are not what they seem, but which, nevertheless work very well. Let us suppose that A. is a cabinet minister who desires to make an important communication to the country; and that B. is a rank-and-file M.P. who asks A. a question, the answer to which embodies the communication aforesaid. On the face of matters, B. is burning for information, and drinks in the words of A. as a thirsty dog laps water. Really B. has been in collusion with A. from the outset; A. having engaged to ask B. the question, and the two going through a solemn but, possibly, not unuseful farce. We suspect something of this kind between Herr H. Esser and Herr R. Wagner, who have been playing at question and answer in the columns of the *Neue Freie Presse*.

The Prophet of the Future is given to issuing manifestoes and writing epistles; he delights to flaunt his paper banner before the

eyes of the Peoples; and to sound a trumpet in the place which stands to him for Zion. But there are limits to the prerogatives of a prophet. He is not a god, who can "thunder when he pleases," and amuse his leisure hours by promulgating decalogues from the top of a Sinai. Hence there are times when Herr Wagner desires to speak, but needs that somebody should open to him what, in Puritanic circles, is called "a door of utterance." This good service Herr Esser has done. He wrote to Herr Wagner: "O Prophet, speak in the ears of thy servants, and say whether the *Walküre* is to be produced at Munich, and when; whether, also, the light of thy countenance will shine upon the performance, and thy 'Benedicite' consecrate it." Then opened the floodgates of Wagnerian eloquence, and the following streamed forth to delight the faithful:—

TRIERSCHEN, NEAR LUCERNE,
16th May, 1870.

RESPECTED FRIEND,—The question which has been addressed to me by yourself, regarding the character of the projected performance of my *Walküre* in Munich, has also been recently addressed to me from the most various quarters. I should like to answer it once for all, and, therefore, should be much pleased if, using your own discretion, you would give further publicity to this my reply to the said question.

I am indebted to my high patron, King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, not only for the fact that—as, by the way, may easily be surmised—my efforts for art have not entirely sunk into oblivion, and that attention is still directed to my later works following *Lohengrin*, but more especially for the circumstance that, after an interruption of eleven years, I can resume the musical realization of my *Ring der Nibelungen*, and, as I now feel certain, really complete it.

What renders this favour, moreover, so important, is the confidence inspired in me by my magnanimous patron that, when my work has been completed, I shall be able to have it represented in strict accordance with my own views. I can entertain no doubt as to my being enabled, some time or other, to produce the *Ring der Nibelungen* exactly in the manner which I minutely described in the preface to the published edition of the poem, as indispensably necessary. I trust that, in the course of next year, I shall succeed in bringing to an end the very fatiguing task of setting the last part to music, and, consequently, as far as I am concerned, there will probably be nothing to prevent the whole from being represented in the year 1872.

As I was obliged, in order to carry out my work, to request, above all things, the necessary time, and freedom from all pressure in this respect, I considered myself bound to merit this favour, by proving myself anxious to gratify, to the best of my ability, the wish of my high patron, to become acquainted at once with separate portions of my work. As, about two years ago, there appeared a probability that I should obtain satisfactory influence upon the artistic efforts of the Theatre Royal, Munich, I was entitled to hope that, by fulfilling the desire, by which I was so highly honoured, of my illustrious patron, I should not be unfaithful to my artistic principles, but rather be advancing them, by gradually preparing the ground for the development of my tendencies.

As you have already, no doubt, heard from others, I was very soon compelled to renounce the hope of maintaining a profitable understanding with the management of the Theatre Royal; consequently, there was nothing left for me to do but to allow the Theatre Royal, Munich, to go on just as it is, without any interference on my part, but, on the other hand, from this very necessity, to oppose no obstacle to the production of detailed portions of my work, since the wish to hear them still existed with him who had to decide.

My request having been graciously granted, I am freed from any necessity of co-operating in these partial performances, and thus find myself relieved of a very painful pretension. Whether the performance which it is proposed to give shortly of the *Walküre* can really take place, is at the present moment, as much unknown to me, as it is difficult for me to guess whether, if it does take place, it will prove successful. But, however this may be, the wish which gave rise to these performances, is for me, as it always has been, worthy of respect, and, at the same time, a happy sign of the life-long duration of the extraordinarily magnanimous interest for which I am indebted not only for being enabled to complete my work, but for most certainly seeing it some day or other produced in the noblest way.

Only then will I once more take part in a public performance; but never will I again produce a work for our operatic theatres, or deliver it into their hands; with the *Meistersinger*, I had dealings with those theatres for the last time.

So much on this head! At present receive my congratulations on

my knowing that you have now reached an asylum which protects you from further contact with the German Operatic Stage and its singers. With cordial good wishes, your devoted

RICHARD WAGNER.

There is in average human nature a strong desire to peep into the future, and especially to know the times and seasons when blessings may be expected. From this arises the eager reading of Millennial literature, and its not less eager writing by persons whose object is much more tangible and definite. Happy Wagnerians, who know that, in 1872, the apotheosis of their master will come, and the era of his glory will begin! Between now and then an irreverent Munich may do as it pleases; but, then, with King Louis as a nursing father, the religion of the one true Prophet shall be established. There shall be set up, on the Bavarian plains, a triple-headed idol, at sight of which Shadrach, Meshek, and Abednego will cheerfully bow down, forgetful of Judaism in Music, and not needing the stimulus of the burning fiery furnace of Herr Wagner's wrath.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A WRITER in *Le France Musicale*, signing himself "Jacoby," puts forth a grandiloquent "Jugement sur Richard Wagner," which contains certain very remarkable statements. On the whole, it is unfavourable to the Prophet of the Future; but "Jacoby" can hurt nobody. Here are the words which demonstrate the particular ears that adorn Jacoby's head:—"Richard Wagner is beyond doubt a very great musician, the greatest, it appears to me, of living artists. He has profoundly studied that legislator of his art, old Bach—" (!!) *Adieu, "Jacoby," c'est assez.*

A RECENT act of unsurpassed magnanimity ought not to be passed over. The chief support of one opera (Mdlle. Nilsson) being unable to sing at a certain concert, the *prima donna* of another (Mdlle. Tietjens) comes forward and "gives her services" as substitute. Who shall say that the days of chivalry are over? "Messieurs," said the French Guards to their English antagonists at Fontenoy or somewhere else, "be pleased to fire first." This was pretty fair; but what shall be said when a warrior snatches up the sword of a foe placed *hors de combat*, and wields it vigorously in the name of chivalry against his own party?

The officials of the Prussian post-office, considering themselves insulted by the appearance of a character in their uniform on the stage of Wagner's *Meistersinger*, have memorialized the chief of police to interfere for their protection. The answer contained a declaration of powerlessness to interfere, but promised that care should be taken to prevent such an occurrence for the future. After this, we may expect the exemplary Metropolitan police to agitate against the pantomimic "Bobby" of next Christmas.

LET nobody take up with Richard Wagner and his works who would escape a lunatic asylum. The latest victim is Herr Eberle, who was sent by the Prophet to conduct the *Meistersinger* at Berlin. Moreover, we learn that a dog, having caught sight of a page of the opera just named, immediately bit twenty people, and was knocked on the head.

MANAGERIAL energies may find plenty of room in Italy and elsewhere just now. Among the theatres open to the highest bidder for the next season, are those of Milan, Naples, Venice, Palermo, Bologna, Messina, Verona, Mantua, Vicenza, Treviso, Cremona, Lucca, Lugano, Urbino, Cento, Rovigo, and Lodi. Out of Italy the "empties" are Madrid, Valencia, Lisbon, Oporto, Constantinople, and Alexandria.

THE Emperor of Russia, says *Le Ménestrel*, intended to give 16,000 francs per annum for division among the French dramatists whose works are played at the Michel Theatre. On second thoughts, however, he resolved to go on applauding the pieces and keeping his money.

THE *Musician* is dead. *Requiescat in pace!* (What will Richard Wagner do? Was the editor of our late-respected contemporary also driven mad?)

A NEW five-act play, *Maurice de Saxe*, was produced at the Français on Thursday week. MM. Jules Amigues and Marcelin Desboulins, have dramatized a disgraceful episode in the life of the hero of Fontenoy. Saxe persecuted with dishonourable intentions Justine Favart, wife of a comedian, who, like Susanna in *Figaro*, tricked her lover and remained faithful to her husband. Marshal Saxe was a brutal Count Almaviva, using the power of the State in furtherance of his unlawful love, imprisoning and otherwise persecuting husband and wife. The piece, a bad imitation of Beaumarchais, drags heavily through the first three acts. It afterwards takes a tragic turn. Saxe is killed by the Prince de Conti, who has challenged him in consequence of information given by Justine that the Marshal had dishonoured his mother. M. Got, who played Favart (the Figaro of the piece), acquitted himself admirably. Mdlle. Victoria Lafontaine (the Susanna or Justine) is not in her element; while M. Maubant (Marshal Saxe) did not succeed in making much of the part. M. Ollivier, a personal friend of M. Jules Amigues, attended on the first night, and in the course of the evening left his box to sit for a long while with his brother Academician, the great critic, Jules Janin. *Maurice de Saxe* is hardly destined for a long run.

HERR CARL LEVI, musical director at the Grand Ducal Theatre at Carlsruhe, was asked by Herr von Perfall, Intendant of the Theatre Royal, Munich, to conduct Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre*. Herr Levi stated that he was very willing to oblige Herr von Perfall, provided that Herr R. Wagner, of whom he—Herr Levi, not, most decidedly, Herr von Perfall—is an enthusiastic admirer, gave his sanction to the negotiations. In consequence, however, of the hostile position assumed by the Composer of the Future towards Herr von Perfall, it was as impossible to come to an understanding with him, as it is, generally, of course, to an understanding of him. So Herr Carl Levi gracefully retired from the scene, and Herr Wüllner was elected to conduct *Die Walküre*, just as, some time since, he was chosen to perform the same office for *Rheingold*. The first representation of the said *Walküre* will take place some time in the second half of the present month. According to report, Herr Vogl will be the Sigmund; Herr Bausewein, Hunding; Herr Kindermann, Wotan; Mdlle. Vogl, Sieglinde; and Mdlle. Stahle, Brunnhilde.

DEATH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

We feel sure that a thrill of sorrow as well as of surprise will be felt by our readers when they hear of the sudden death of Mr. Charles Dickens. On Wednesday evening he was seized with a fit, at his residence, Gad's Hill Place, Higham, near Rochester, between six and seven o'clock, while at dinner. Mr. Stephen Steele, a surgeon at Strood, was sent for, and promptly arrived. He found Mr. Dickens in a very dangerous state, and remained with him for some hours. A physician was summoned from London on Thursday morning, and Mr. Steele was also in attendance. Unfortunately, there was no improvement in the patient. In the afternoon Mr. Steele was again summoned from Strood. The reports in the after part of the day were discouraging, and shortly after six o'clock the great novelist expired.

CARLSRUHE.—Mdlle. Schneider, from the Leipzig Stadttheater, appeared here in *Fidelio* and the *Huguenots* with such success that she has been permanently engaged.—The St. Cecilia Association continues to display the most laudable activity. The programme of its fourth concert was particularly good, including the Ode to St. Cecilia (Handel); the second act from Gluck's *Orpheus*; and Mendelssohn's setting of the 98th Psalm.—A fair young singer Mdlle. Josephine Shefsky, who was sent, some time since, at the King's expense, to conclude her musical studies in Vienna, has just made a successful first appearance here as Azucena, in *Il Trovatore*.—The Action-Theater (theatre built by a joint-stock company) has been purchased by the King for 125,000 florins. It will be a kind of branch establishment of the Theatre Royal.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MONS. DELABORDE gave a second morning concert in St. James's Hall on Tuesday, the programme being chiefly made up of ordinary pianoforte music, or pieces for the piano à clavier de pédales. Among the former were Chopin's second grand sonata, Beethoven's fantasia (Op. 77), and smaller works by Schumann and Mendelssohn. The latter comprised a prelude by Alkan, Bach's fugue in C minor and prelude and fugue in D. Herr Stockhausen was the vocalist.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN's third *matinée* took place in the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday last, when he played (with Herr Danbert) Beethoven's sonata in G minor (Op. 5); (with MM. Sainton and Daubert) Mendelssohn's trio in C minor (Op. 66); (with Miss Josephine Williams) Schumann's *andante* and variations (Op. 46); (with M. Sainton) the Kreutzer Sonata; and, as solos, four of his own drawing-room pieces. Mr. Cummings sang two new sacred songs by the concert-giver, in addition to Pissuti's "I heard a voice." The character of the entertainment can be inferred from these particulars with all desirable ease.

MISS KATE ROBERTS gave a recital of classical pianoforte music in St. George's Hall yesterday evening week, to a moderately large audience. The young artist played first (with Mr. Edward Howell) Hummel's sonata in A for piano and violoncello, following this work up with Heller's "Dornen Stücker" and Chopin's "Fantasia Impromptu," the latter of which she rendered so well as to obtain an encore. The first part ended with Schumann's piano and violin sonata in A minor, well executed by Miss Roberts and Herr Pollitzer, and the second began with Bach's *Bourée*, and one of Mendelssohn's seven characteristic pieces (Op. 7). The *Bourée* was encored by acclamation, and deservedly so. Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, played by the three artists above named concluded the programme of a capital recital. The vocalist was Miss Katherine Poyntz, who sang Benedict's charming "Rock me to sleep," and Sullivan's "Where the bee sucks."

M. PAQUE, the eminent Belgian violoncellist, upon whom has fallen the mantle of Servais, gave his annual *matinée* on Thursday, the 2nd instant, at the residence of the Marchioness of Downshire, 24, Belgrave Square, and was honoured by the attendance of a large and fashionable audience. M. Paque selected for performance a *polonaise* by Chopin for violoncello and piano, in which he was ably assisted by Herr W. Coenen; a fantasia of his own composition on airs from *Don Giovanni*, calculated to display his executive powers as well as the quality of the tone he can produce from his instrument; and two graceful *bagatelles*—a romance and a *tarantelle*, also of his own composition. All these were evidently to the taste of his audience, who honoured M. Paque with flattering marks of approval. He also played the *obbligato* violoncello accompaniment to Spontini's "Hymne de Milton," in which the voice and style of M. Jules Lefort had ample scope. M. Paque must be praised for his moderation in providing himself at his own concert with so few opportunities of exhibiting his command of the violoncello. Mdlle. and H. Heerman, played solos respectively on the harp and violin; Herr Coenen, introduced some clever pianoforte pieces of his own; Madame Florence Lancia, sang vocal arrangements of two mazurkas by Chopin; Miss Alice Fairman, Signor Tagliacoco, and Mr. George Perren sang various pieces; and M. Jules Lefort, introduced, with genuine effect, a new song, entitled "J'aime, je suis aimé," the composition of Herr Reichardt, famed for his *lied*, "Thou art so near and yet so far." Among the accompanists were MM. Benedict, Ganz, and Vianesi.

The *soirée musicale* of the New Philharmonic Society, on Thursday evening week, in St. George's Hall, was numerously attended. Conspicuous amongst the performers were Mdlle. Heerman, harpist, and Herr Heerman, violinist, M. L. Brassin, pianist, and M. Brassin, violinist, besides a new aspirant for public favour, Mdlle. Borland, pianist, from the Brussels Conservatoire. The selection of pieces comprised Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, a *chaconne* by Bach, a duet by Spohr for violin and harp, a *scherzo* by Chopin, a violin solo by Viëuxtemps, &c. Mdlle. Heerman was heard to advantage in Godefrid's *Danse des Sylphes*, and Spohr's duo. The manner in which this young artist executed the most difficult passages elicited enthusiastic applause. Herr Heerman, in Viëuxtemps' solo, established himself as a *virtuoso* of the first rank. Herr L. Brassin, the pianist, and his brother, the violinist, are, like the Heerman's, strangers to London audiences. Herr L. Brassin is a first-rate executant, and an excellent musician. His rendering of Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata was characterized by a broad style, accurate phrasing, and perfect execution. He was ably seconded by his brother, the violinist, who also displayed his talents in Bach's *chaconne*. Mdlle. Borland created a favourable impression in two pianoforte pieces, one by M. Dupont, another by Herr Alfred Jaell. Two violoncello solos written and performed by M. Paque were heard with the greatest interest. The *Tarantelle*, played as the second *morceau*, was encored, and listened to for the second time with increased pleasure. The vocal music was

well selected. Miss Eleanor Armstrong's "Dove sono" was much admired and applauded. Miss Jenny Robinson displayed a pleasing voice and good style. Signor Romani (a French baritone) and Mr. Dudley Thomas were both heard to advantage. In a selection from Spohr's *Seasona* the amateur members of the society took part, under the direction of Mr. W. Beavan. The solos were assigned to Miss Ganthony (soprano), an amateur contralto, Mr. Wake (tenor), and Mr. Beavan (bass). Herr Ganz, assisted by Mr. John Beavan, accompanied the vocal music.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

Although Mdlle. Nilsson again disappointed Mr. Leslie's patrons on the occasion of his third concert in St. James's Hall, last Wednesday, the audience had no reason to complain; Mdlle. Tietjens being to the fore as a substitute, and a capital programme being gone through in an adequate style. The *Stabat* of Rossini constituted Part 1; solos by Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Monbelli, Mdlle. Trebelli, and M. Faure. "Quis est homo" was beautifully sung, and encored; Mdlle. Trebelli was re-called after "Fac ut portem;" and a like honour fell to Mdlle. Tietjens for her superb singing in the "Inflamatus." M. Faure, also, made a great effect with "Pro peccatis." Among the notable features of Part 2, were Mr. Charles Hallé's performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor; Mdlle. Volpini's delivery of "Bel raggio;" Mr. Santley's "O, Ruddier than the Cherry" (two re-calls); Mdlle. Tietjens's "Ocean, thou mighty Monster," and Mdlle. Monbelli's "Come per me;" M. Faure obtained an encore for his hymn, "Les Rameaux," to which his own fine singing, aided by that of the choir, helped as much as the excellence of the music. The overture to *Zampa* brought the concert to a close.

[Private and strictly confidential.]

REVIEWER'S WAIL.—No. IV.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—*Guerre à l'outrance* is evidently your cry, and so let it be. In my last, promises should have been printed premises, as in my letter written. I have, in an agony of gout (donkeys do have the gout) scribbled to you at length, but I will not irritate you with my gouty ee-haws; and, therefore, will only say, in an ecstasy of ee-haw, ee-haw, that you must allow me, from this time, hence, and for evermore, to remain your Double,

June 9, 1870.

ANOTHER REVIEWER
(In a different School).

P.S.—There are plenty of points for your "last word," and I promise you you shall have it, so, let it be short, and a stinger.

[In his last letter "Another Reviewer" wrote himself down a quadruped, but without stating precisely of what species. He is now more explicit; and we are satisfied.—A. S. S.]

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Observing in your account of some recent lectures on music by Mr. A. S. Sullivan that the old exploded familiar "saw" about the high musical education of our great-great-grandmothers was again exhumed, let me once more rehearse the "other side" of the case. It is stated, on the one hand, that in the days of good Queen Anne no English lady's education was thought complete unless to various other accomplishments was united a thorough knowledge of the art and practice of music. Very true, no doubt. Then we are told "it was the custom," upon the removal of the cloth, to bring in the music-books, and for the amateur ladies and gentlemen to read from notes and sing various charming and learnedly composed madrigals in three, four, or five parts. From hence it is asserted music must have been in a high state of culture, wonderfully flourishing in the reign of Queen Anne. Now, on the other side it has been gravely asked—What proportion of "usage" constitutes a "custom"? History always has two sides; every event, the most simple as well as the most portentous, may be told in two ways. No surprise need be manifested if this scrap of ancient intelligence is no exception to the general rule. Therefore, if in a population of twenty millions twenty amateurs could be found capable of reading at sight the works of our great madrigal writers, it is humbly submitted that "one in a million" is not sufficient to found a "custom," howbeit ample for proof positive that the practice cited was not the "custom," but the exception. But to descend a little from these figures, to give the "other side" the fairest possible ground. If these families where the singing was so perfect were so numerous, how were they taught? Where were the teachers? There were probably not more than three or four "learned" sets of madrigal singers in London at that time. There were no

Hullah's classes, no Tonic-Sol-fa gatherings, no opera chorus (worth naming), no Sacred Harmonic Associations, no Sunday schools, no infant schools, no Orphans Unions; the part-song itself had no existence. Where did they learn? Who were their teachers? Let us suppose the men at the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, spent all their "filling-up" time in communicating knowledge by the orthodox notation. How many pupils could they "do"? Like Bobadil's twenty, or Falstaff's "score" in buckram, or the boy's "thousand" cats of proverbial notoriety—which eventually diminished down to "our old tabby and another"—this universal custom of every lady and gentleman singing "from note" has at last followed in the wake of the story of the Three Black Crows—something "very like a crow" at last doing duty for the whole "three." Let the benefit be given to the "other side" of the supposition, that the people of those days had exceptional natural ability, and that they were born "readers,"—that might account for the success of their musical meetings. But yet it must in fairness be said that they could not sing without copies, and where were the copies? Hundreds of singers, or thousands of singers, would have required hundreds or thousands of copies. Where did they come from? Were they in manuscript? Who wrote them? Were they printed? Who printed them? Did they exist in sufficient numbers? Where are they now? Were they committed to memory by one family, and the book that contained them then lent to a second, and afterwards passed on to a third, and so on? This could not be, for we are not told that they sung "from books." Printing music by types was unknown; even lithography was not invented. From the plates engraved how many copies could have been printed? Certainly not sufficient to make the use of the books a "custom," though every subscriber were supposed to be a singer. Probably seven or eight hundred of each book were issued, and perhaps one-fourth of the purchasers could sing them; and further, of this one-fourth at least half were in the profession; and if there were six or eight or ten families or musical circles where the madrigals of the day were sung with anything like accuracy, it is as much as can be said. Figures are ignored and history persistently perused backwards by those who would state again the fallacy about the superior knowledge and more extended prevalence of musical taste over our sons and daughters amongst our ancestors two centuries ago. Statistics can be made to prove many fallacies, but not that. Consider that in our day the best sacred and secular compositions are sung by *thousands* of groups from five to five thousand strong; and they circulate, like the penny press, by *millions*. Would that our teachers were less prodigal of sweeping unauthenticated statements.—Yours very truly,

June 6, 1870.

IDEALIZER.

—o—
To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I have been shown a paragraph in your issue of March 12th last stating that I am the teacher of a lady about to make her *début* at the annual concert of Miss Berry Greening. Permit me to say that neither at the present, or any previous time, have I had a pupil of any kind. My reason for wishing this paragraph contradicted, is that I am much annoyed by persons addressing me upon professional matters, to which I have neither the time nor the disposition to attend.—Yours respectfully,

63, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

WILLIE B. M. PAPE.

[We do not remember the paragraph.—ED.]

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA IN NEW YORK.

(From "Watson's Art Journal," May 21.)

Strange as it may appear, for disappointments are not the order of the day with the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company, when we reached the Academy on Friday evening, May 13th, a placard announced a change of opera. Mr. Nordblom was sick, and for *Don Giovanni*, *Martha* was to be substituted. Three-fourths of the audience, we are compelled to say, seemed very much rejoiced at the change, preferring to be amused rather than to be instructed—such is the perverseness of our obstinate public. So *Martha* was sung in a manner so generally excellent that little was left to be desired. The chorus was unusually excellent; the voices good and fresh, spirited and prompt to the time, and well up in the action of the scene. The orchestra, under the skilful and careful direction of Carl Rosa, executed the light and graceful accompaniments with much grace, and exhibited more than the usual refinement in the development of artistic shading. It was a most pleasant feature in the performance. It would be impossible to pass over an opera in which Madame Parepa-Rosa sang without paying just tribute to her most admirable singing, and to her most exquisite voice. Of course we feel it very difficult to speak of her in set terms of praise, for we believe that we have exhausted our vocabulary of eulogistic terms, and should, consequently, have to fall into the

deadly sin of repetition—not that we are by profession a "repeater." Still the charm of her singing and her voice seems to give eloquence to a barren pen, and language to thoughts exhausted. Her spontaneity seems as involuntary as the bursting of the buds into blossoms in the happy spring time, and, like them, she scatters fragrance, which in her is melody. Her notes flow, they are not made; they come, they are not sought for. They are as pure and bright as the falling drops of crystal water, and as they drop in their purity they form a chain of perfect crysolites, whose value cannot be estimated. To indicate any special excellence would be like time wasted in choosing between two bright stars of equal magnitude. One beauty is but sequential to another, which owns no degree of lesser excellence, so that indeed we know not where to choose. We are, truly, embarrassed with riches, so prodigally does Parepa-Rosa scatter on the expectant air the flashing jewels of her song. Perhaps "The Last Rose of Summer" was never given with such a full sense of rounded beauty as it was by Parepa-Rosa last night. Each note was perfect, and melted one into the other with a blending so delicate that the transitions were imperceptible, and still each note was instinct with sensuous resonance. In addition to this rare and exquisite vocalism, she sang the simple, touching ballad in a manner so unpretentious, with an expression so pure and earnest, and so free from the appearance of artificiality, that it literally brought the house down to her feet. Madame Rosa never won a triumph more complete than upon this occasion, and she may feel proud when she reflects that it was accomplished by pure and chaste impassioned singing, and not by meretricious aids, and that it was sympathy, and not wonder, that held spell-bound the heart and judgment of the audience.

The other artists, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Messrs. Castle and Campbell, sustained Madame Parepa-Rosa in their usual efficient and agreeable manner, and justly shared in the approbation bestowed upon the performance.

Dark Lemon.

(From "Punch," June 4, 1870.)

He had been absent: but was with us still
In letters, messages of wonted cheer:
We drank a quick recovery from his ill;
Asked, and were answered, "He will soon be here."
His kindly eyes looked on us from the wall:
In spirit at our board he seemed to sit,
Back into bounds too reckless mirth to call,
To quicken seemly fun and decent wit.
Little we thought the time was near at hand,
When we no more should meet those honest eyes:
Return no more that welcome blithe and bland,
Take counsel of that spirit, kind and wise!
Death has been frequent in our fellowship:
Where is A'BECKETT's Rabelaisian style;
Where JERROLD's wrath 'gainst wrong, and lightning quip;
Where THACKERAY's half-sad, half sunny smile;
Where LEECH's facile hand and faithful brain,
The truest, tersest, abstract of the time?
All memories! And he that linked the chain,
Now theme of my obituary rhyme!
Never did brethren of the pen owe more
To elder brother than we owed to him:
Still his wit's weapon like a Knight he bore—
Would never poison point, nor polish dim:
And 'twas his pride to teach us so to bear
Our blades as he bore his—keep the edge keen,
But strike above the belt: and ever wear
The armour of a conscience clear and clean.*
The while he sat among us there was none
But felt the kindlier for his kindness:
Jealousy seemed his genial smile to shun;
Failure was soothed; more modest grew success.
Never self-seeking, keen for others' rise
And gain, before his own, he loved to see
Young wrestlers of his training win the prize,
Nor asked what his part of the prize should be.
His memory will not die out of ours
For many a year to come: the thought of him,
Erewhile associate with our merriest hours,
Will be a sad one, till all thought grows dim.
But what our loss to theirs, who with sick hearts
Sit in the darkened house, whence he has past:
Till new life shall unite whom death disparts,
Where tears are dried, and grief turns joy at last!

* "Sotto l'usbergo del sentirsi puro."—DANTE.

OPERATIC WRITING AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IN RUSSIA.*

THE DEMON:

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS, BY BORIS SCHEEL, FOUNDED ON THE POEM OF
THE SAME NAME, BY LERMONTOFF.
(Continued from page 279).

The merits of the opera, *William Redcliff*, by S. Kwi, performed last winter, were duly appreciated in these columns; and the work has now disappeared. We must mention, also, S. Kaschperow's opera, *The Thunder Storm*. What dramatic interest can there be in the circumstance that, during the absence of a merchant upon a business journey, his wife becomes faithless to him with another merchant, and then, stung by remorse, flings herself into the Volga? The book is founded upon the romance called *The Kingdom of Darkness*, by the popular folk's author, Ostrowski, and over it S. Kaschperow poured fourth his Italian music. The composer is a little Verdi hidden beyond Moscow who has mixed up Italian motives with Italian forms, and Italian treatment of the voice. This typical specimen of mediocrity is not superior to Werstowski's efforts, and has vanished from the repertory.

A very different kind of personage is M. Alexander Seroff, the ruler for the moment, of Russian opera. Seroff composed *Russian*, and did not merely turn national Russian motives to account. Possessing a profoundly *synthetical* intelligence, he penetrated more deeply into things. He composed in the *spirit* of Slavonic music, which is based upon a scale (upon another musical alphabet) differing materially from that of the music of Western Europe. Slavonic music is based, to state the fact concisely (as is appropriate in these columns), upon the ecclesiastical modes, or Gregorian Tonalties. Upon the peculiarities of these do the characteristic features of national Russian melody depend as much as a man's growth upon his backbone. These ecclesiastical modes are the *spina dorsalis* of the grand subject selected for Seroff's opera, *Rogneda*, which embraces no less than the introduction of Christianity into Russia, in the 10th century, by the Prince of Kiev, the Prince Sun (as he is called), subsequently the *holy apostle-like* Grand Prince Vladimir (the Christian name of the Sun of Kiev). The Pagan Prince is led to adopt Christianity, by the self-sacrifice of a Christian for him, because the Christian sees nothing to affright him in death. We perceive, at once, how organically the old Gregorian tonalties take their place in such a subject. It is from national elements, which, transplanted through the Greek Church into Russia, passed into the very soul of Russian feeling and Russian thought—it was from this deep stratum of musical ideas, a stratum not merely lying upon the surface of Russian middle-class society, that Seroff drew his *Rogneda*, which has become a stock-piece, and always commands a full house whenever it is played. Whether Seroff's genially musical, and philosophical speculations have succeeded in creating, in a *synthetic* manner, an opera, whether the attainment of the Ideal does not always recede as the artist approaches it, inasmuch as realism (the fusion of words with music) is prejudicial to idealism, or inspiration—this is a question that cannot be discussed here, and for the answer to which we must await with growing interest Seroff's third opera, or, as he himself styles it, his third musical drama, treating a drama of the people, which is to be produced next winter.

In his public lectures, just concluded: *On the historical development of the Ideal in Opera as a Musical Drama*, M. Seroff called all operas with dialogue—"Singspiele,"† and *Der Freischütz* a modest *Singspiel*—*Der Freischütz*, in which a nation and not merely a libretto is set to music! *Euryanthe* he calls a grand lyrical opera; *Oberon*, a step backwards, and, also, a "Singspiel," because (sic) no drama!

We think that with such a step backwards as *Oberon*, opera made a great step forwards over the whole world, and another step backwards of the same description would be exceedingly desirable, though it will not be made, probably in a hurry in Russia!

We place the Ideal of Opera in our sway over the heart through the feelings, which does not exclude our sway over the understanding, as Mozart and Weber teach us. We find that we are better on leaving an opera by Weber; but that, after hearing a musical drama by Wagner, we go away in a more egotistical and material (realistic) mood than when we entered. We find that the path from Weber's *Agathe* leads us to the sanctity of the domestic hearth, but that from a Wagnerian drama into the Orpheum.

Mozart and Weber created types, melodically painted in melody, like Don Juan, Donna Anna, the Commander, Zerline, Leporello—Max, Agathe, Aennchen, and Caspar.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† "Singspiel" means a piece generally of no great importance, interspersed with songs.

It is not by the musical idea, the incorporation of which constitutes *melodic* invention, that, in musical drama, the dramatic sensations are to be excited in the hearer; these sensations are to be henceforth impressed upon the ear by the material (real) means of sonority, of the power of sound, without clothing the idea in the conditions of musical speech, of melody indispensable to it.

A production as important as gratifying is the opera, *The Demon*, by Boris Scheel, a work corresponding to the object of opera, namely: to work upon the heart and feelings (without excluding the understanding); a work which sprang from inspiration—and not from any system.

The composer displays complete mastery over all mechanical resources in the management of the voices, in the polyphony, and in the judicious employment of the orchestra. Such a style of melody as this penetrates to the heart, because it comes from the heart, and not from a system. To give the reader a notion of the work, without drawing any comparison, we say: "The style of melody operates here like Weber's, it lives and moves like Weber's; the facture, on the contrary, the breadth of style, and the tonal impression, are like Meyerbeer's. The progressions arise naturally; the composer is very economical with his modulations, which he employs as a seasoning, while other composers at the present day force us to receive them as the *meal itself*."

The romantic, and, we might almost say, sky-blue tone-colours, B major, and E flat major, which have an affinity with the subject, the composer places in the foreground, and represents his personages by thematic modulations of their musical individuality. There is inspiration at work here. The whole is one piece; the whole is one fancy, in which the details aid the entirety. With respect to what is done, and necessarily so at the present day, by technical skill, reflection, and brooding intelligence—there is no leaden hand clapped upon our shoulders with the words: "See how clever, how learned I am!" This is merged in the impression produced upon our feelings; it works as a whole towards the creation of a poetic picture before our inward eye.

The subject, borrowed from Lermontoff's poem, *The Demon*, already mentioned, has been arranged as a libretto by the skilful hand of Count Solohub, the well-known Russian author. The composer has had the libretto put into German verse, and thinks of presenting his work in this garb to the Berlin public.

We compared Glinka to Puschkin, and Seroff to Gogol; but Scheel, as a composer, and Lermontoff, as a poet, appear to us to represent pure poetical inspiration, charming import, and elegant mastery over form. The subject runs (*summa sequar vestigia*) as follows. Scene: The Caucasus. Nature in her Asiatic grandeur. Two betrothed lovers, of princely Caucasian blood, a Prince and a Princess. The Demon, from love for the Princess Tamara, swears to destroy the Prince, and conquer the Princess. The Prince is suddenly attacked by a band of mountaineers, with the Demon at their head.

The Prince mortally wounded, promises the Princess, when he is dying, to appear to her at all important conjunctures of her life. Tamara enters a cloister. The Demon, who has long borne in his heart the barb of despairing love and uncertain yearnings, makes his appearance before her. He is the wicked spirit who has tormented her, and avows such to be the case. He informs her that, by returning his love, she can change the evil spirit into a good one. The Princess's womanly heart cannot resist quite without a struggle, the temptation of causing good to triumph over Evil. She resolves the matter in her mind, for the Demon is handsome, and she now loves no one. At the moment she is about to succumb, her dead lover appears before her. Tamara dies from the shock, and her death drives the Demon from the field.—In addition to the three principal factors: the Prince (tenor); the Princess (soprano); and the Demon (bass), the Princess's Father and her Confidante play each a musical part; while a very important one, perhaps the most important, is that assumed by the choruses of Angels and Demons, opposed to one another in the plot. The Demon, too, from the very beginning, takes an invisible share in the actions of the other personages.

The story is founded upon a very old Caucasian legend of the dualism between Heaven and Hell, which is dramatically effective. Tamara and the Demon are contrasted with each other like Ormus and Abhriman in the neighbouring land of Persia, whence the legend, no doubt, formerly found its way into the Caucasus.

The score has a *West European* character as regards our ideas of *Opera*, without the slightest Slavonic pretensions, without any nationality save the universal human nationality of the feelings. The work, as a work, dramatically conceived and dramatically represented, is free from Italian whims; it makes no concessions to the virtuosity of the executants; it is offered them as a work of inspiration, before which the means of execution must give way. Among the most prominent features may be mentioned the Introduction in G, with a most charming episode in D, between the choruses representing the principle of Good and that of Evil; the Trio in the descending scale between

Tamara, the Prince, and the Demon, who, though not seen, is not unfelt by them; the well-conceived storm, during which the Prince perishes; the apparition of the Demon in the convent, and his duel with Tamara, which, in a naturally dramatic situation, calls forth his declaration of love and the vacillating emotions of her soul; and the double choros which conclude the work. A pleasing piece of composition is the ideal ballet-music in the house of the Princess's Father, accompanying the action of the ballet, while the characters are expecting the Prince, whom death has meanwhile overtaken; highly original, and based upon chords of the second, is the march-like, demoniacal motive preceding the apparition of the Evil One, when he tempts Tamara, and lays the treasures of the world at her feet, with the brilliant background of his redemption through her love and through her fall.

The composer, who is of Courlandish descent, is a Russian with a German name, born and bred in Russia. His education, in German books, under great German masters, was German.

W. VON LENZ.

W A I F S.

One artist mortally wounded another in the Turin Theatre Alfieri, during a rehearsal of *La Favorita*. The cause was jealousy.

M. Martinet, of the Athénée, has been definitively accepted as the new director of the Théâtre Lyrique.

It is proposed to revive Auber's *Philtre* at the Grand Opéra, with Mdme. Carvalho as Térésina.

Miss Minnie Hauk has been re-engaged at the Vienna opera, and will resume her performances in September next.

M. Bagier's troupe have closed their Baden representations with a performance of *Il Trovatore*.

A new opera, called *The Three Musketeers*, but having nothing to do with M. Alexandre Dumas, has been brought out at Milan.

Two young lady violinists have arrived in London, Mdle. Marie Tayau and Mdle. Liébé.

On Monday, June 20th, a new piece, *Our Island Home*, will be produced at the Gallery of Illustration; the libretto is by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, music by Mr. German Reed.

Herr Oberthür, the accomplished harpist, has returned to London after fulfilling engagements at the Philharmonic and other concerts in Dublin.

The marriage of Signor Polonini with Mdle. Lella Ricci is contradicted by *Le Ménestrel*, though it appears that the lady has formed a connection with a bass whose line is comic.

M. Vogt, the celebrated French hautboist, has just died, aged ninety years. He was a Conservatoire student in the year VI. of the Republic.

According to the *Paris Journal*, four financiers have agreed to supply M. Carvalho with a new theatre, wherein he may try to stem the tide of ill-luck which has so long set against him.

M. Vachot, director of the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie, has given up his intention to produce *Lohengrin* at the Paris Italiens. *Tant mieux pour M. Vachot.*

M. Offenbach has been seriously ill of late; but is now sufficiently recovered to make arrangements for six weeks' rest and relaxation, at Ems and Wiesbaden.

Madame Nadine Dunord, the Russian vocalist, who has lately arrived from Italy, made a favourable *début* at the Crystal Palace Concert, on Saturday. She sang "Robert toi que j'aime" with such power and feeling as to elicit well merited applause. Madame Dunord also joined M. Urio and chorus in the "Miserere," from *Il Trovatore*.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, *Agas Ago and Beggar my Neighbour*, is advertised for the last performance on Saturday, June 18, when the former piece will have reached its 202nd representation. On the following Monday a novelty, from the pen of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, entitled *Our Island Home*, will be produced. Mr. German Reed has composed the music. The plot, we hear, is of novel construction, enabling every member of the company to appear in *propria persona*.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—The performance of Lord Lytton's drama of *The Rightful Heir*, in which Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Sir Charles Young, and several distinguished amateurs were to have taken part, on the 16th instant, has been postponed until Wednesday, July 13th, in consequence of serious illness in the families of two of the principal performers. The proceeds will be contributed to to "The Working Men's Club and Institute Union."

We read as follows in the *Dublin Express* :—

"It will be a source of gratification to Dr. Stewart's friends and admirers to learn that a high compliment has just been paid him from the other side of the Channel. Dr. Stewart's *Ode on Shakspeare* has been selected for performance at the Birmingham Festival. This speaks well for the merits of Dr. Stewart's cantata. Indeed few could compete with Dr. Stewart in some departments of his noble art, as his numerous prizes in composition testify. His cantata will now take its place at Birmingham beside the works of some of the most elevated composers of the world. Such a fact, of course, enhances the distinction shown towards this gifted Irishman, and is in Professor Stewart's case a graceful recognition of real genius."

Party feeling runs high in our English Convocation, but in the Scotch Synods there is a general tendency to repress demonstrations. On some occasions, however, it is impossible to curb the speakers, and an amusing instance of the length to which the feeling against the use of "human" hymns is carried in the Free Church was given a few nights ago, when a member of the Assembly made a speech against the introduction of an authorized hymnal. Waxing mightier in his wrath, he was at last heard to mutter, "And Judas went and hanged himself"—a remark naturally felt to be a reflection on the probable end of all those who use "human" hymns. Taking this view of the question, a Mr. Kidston approached the speaker, and tapped him on the shoulder, to caution him to restrain his feelings; but this added fuel to the fire, and Mr. Walters turned round on the intruder, amid the laughter of the Assembly, with the forcible piece of advice—"Go thou and do likewise."

We have more than once adverted to the cruelty of certain public amusements, and from week to week our views are confirmed by accidental mishaps. A few days ago an acrobat was killed while having a stone slab broken with a sledge on his chest. In London we had some pretty and perilous spectacles for the recreation of our neighbours and visitors in Derby week. Little children played prominent parts. In one establishment a lady clothed as a street tumbler tossed a couple of infants in the air with a confiding belief in her skill in catching them. She balanced on her head a male gymnast, who had also a turn at the young clowns, making them trundle over the stage in imitation of hoops, and perform a series of monkey tricks which were loudly applauded. Perhaps the most disagreeable sight, however, was that of a female comic performer of about eight years of age. Cruelty to animals is being put down; something has been done for sweeps; why not an effort for the reclamation from torture of baby singers, dancers, and "phenomena" generally? There are no people so attached to children as the English. We make our artists paint nursery pets, and yet we promote the exhibition of boys and girls in degrading and dangerous performances. The worst of it is that these performances are increased in difficulty and hazard through competition, and the taste for them becomes stronger and stronger.

There will be a musical festival in Rostock in July. Both Mdme. Joachim and her husband will take part in it.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

G. W. MARTIN.—"Lothair," song, composed by G. W. Martin. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Oh! whisper but the gentle word," song, by James Greenhill.

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